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Faceless



queen

264 33 43

Chapter 1 by The Ginger

No one was allowed to see her face.

This was the first and only royal decree.

The reasoning behind this strangely bizarre law was a mystery to the kingdom, and as is so often the case with mysterious things, people started to talk. And once people start to talk, it's hard to get them to stop.

Gossip about the queen spread across the land like, well, gossip. Old women who gathered at the river to wash clothes, men at work in their rice fields, children who met in the streets to play ball -- the topic of the queen was on red hot on all their lips. It was such a popular topic that, over time, it became a customary part of daily conversation: "The weather's nice today, isn't it? How's the wife and kids? Why do you think the queen hides her face?"

At the Dancing Dog, a filthy pub with even filthier liquor, two drunken men started a conversation exactly in this way. Outside, the intoxicated sun was teetering off to bed, retching a final layer of beer-colored sunlight onto the sky.

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The first man, an older fellow with a long white beard, turned to his companion and said, "So, da weather's a been worse d'ya say?"

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The second man, young and quite a bit more slyly, took a sip from his drink. He said nothing.

Potato-Nose tried again. "Got a family, kid?"

Silence.

Undeterred, the old man decided to try one more time. "Okay, here's one that'll get ya talkin' fer shure. Why's it dat da queen's a hidin' from us, do ya gander? I bet she ain't even real. I betcha that she's just some joke da higher ups invented to make fools of us." Potato-Nose leaned in towards the young drinker, almost conspiratorially. He was quite proud of himself for thinking up such an idea.

This did, in fact, get the second man to talk. It also got him to slam down his drink on the table with a loud BANG! like that of a gunshot. "You don't know what you're talking about, old man. The queen is real. And I've seen her face."

Chapter 2 by TeTe



A wave of shock and silence feel over the bar.

The old potato-nosed man froze in his position leaning towards the young man, his rotten beer breath warming the young man's neck.

All eyes were on the young man who picked up his drank and took two big gulps before the old man dropped his beer mug to the floor, along with himself.

The young man threw the payment for his drink on his table, got up and left. All eyes followed as the elegantly dressed young man left. As soon as the door closed behind him, he could hear as everyone as a chorus started talking loudly.

This was just the start of his plans in the kingdom. He was going to start a fire that not even the royals could put out.

Chapter 3 by MN24



The young man draped in a black cloak pulled his hood over his head. Heading silently towards

the castle, he could faintly hear rustling sounds behind him. He paused and looked over his shoulder to find nothing but the setting sun. He narrowed his eyes and continued on.

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He continued to hear rustling and faint sounds of footsteps increasing in volume behind him. He blew out a sigh and jumped into the nearest alley, quickly running through obstacles and finding juttied pillar to hide behind while his pursuers tried to keep up.

"Where'd he go?" Cried one of his pursuers. The voice was deep and booming. The sound of a steel being unsheathed cut the silence in the air.

"Put that away! He could be anywhere." A sultry and more gentle voice of a maiden commanded. The young man could hear the reprimanding tone she had taken with the other man who thought better than to challenge her and quickly sheathed his sword.

"Split up." She ordered. The definite sound of metal armor cling clanging through the alley as they upturned boxes and bins.

Sweat dripping down the side of the young man's face, he nervously looked behind the pillar to see the woman walking towards his direction. Her cascading red hair falling out of the loose braid she wore. She had a stern look on her face which was softened by the small mole located above the right side of her lips. Her sharp green eyes darted around the shadow of the alley, trying to distinguish his form.

This isn't part of the plan..., he thought as he bit his lip and tasted his salty sweat. He saw the men double back to the woman to give their report. The maiden looked around the dirty alley once more, scoffed, and stalked back to the busy street.

Just as the young man blew a sigh of relief, he felt hands around his chest pulling him backwards.

Chapter 4 by Eden Campbell



As he was pulled, the man lost his footing on the loose gravel and slipped backwards, but whoever had grabbed him in the first place maintained a tight grip and even helped to keep him upright.

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The right hand whipped away from his chest and moved to cover his mouth now, but despite being only held back with one arm now, the grip was still too strong to shake free.

"I said don't make a sound." The voice whispered. It was easier to recognise this time: a deep, husky Cockney accent.

He stopped struggling and fell still. He knew that voice, it was unmistakable. His heart calmed in his chest when the realisation came to him. This was nothing to be afraid of.

The owner of the voice released his grip and quickly spun around the man around to face him.

"Boulder?" The young man queried.

A soft light shone down upon the hulking broad-shouldered figure, just enough to light up his face. The face belonged to that of a weathered, but gentle looking man. His face stretched into a benignant smirk.

"Ello sunshine."

"Boulder!" He smiled.

"Pssssssh, shh!" More hushed tones. "I said be quiet. Not here. Somer' else." He motioned with his head towards the other end of the alleyway. Two more large henchmen stood waiting. They waved and signed an "all clear."

The two men moved out.

Chapter 5 by Cabbage599



He had always found that there was nowhere better to stalk the city than by the rooves. People would shuffle back and forth along these same roads every day, but it seemed to never occur to them to look up. Sometimes the young man would sit for hours in plain sight on one of the chimney pots to see if anyone would notice his loitering, but they were always too driven

towards their destination to wonder who was watching them from above. Who was spying, who, with one quick move, could end their lives when they were too focused on moving forward.

He would not be that vulnerable person,

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He had made an oath, bound in blood, that he would not forget who was hanging above him. who was breathing their toxic breath down his scalp every time he took a step out of turn.

And that is why, as he followed Boulder and the guards through the nooks and crannies of the town that only they could find, that his plan was in the right. Despite the verbal beating he would surely soon receive, he knew that someone had to take the monarchy down; Those bats would no longer hang their lives over their heads. And the queen would be the first to go.

As the back door to the tavern was opened by the guards, their meeting place, he knew that now there was no stopping and allowed himself just a flash of a sadistic grin. This was for the people. This was for him.

This was for his brother.

He would fulfill the dreams that his brother couldn't from the grave. And as the roar of voices punched his ears, Alec knew there was nothing that would stand in his way.

Not even the queen's face.

Write a draft for chapter 6 of 8 (1 draft)

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